

## DAILY MAGAZINE PAGES FOR EVERYBODY

Put on the Door of Vice  
the House-Owner's Name

By Winifred Black

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Winifred Black

DR. JENKIN LLOYD JONES wants to have all property labeled with the owner's name—and then see what will happen.

"Put a brass doorknob with the owner's full name on it, on every house he owns, and things will begin to occur," says Dr. Lloyd Jones.

"Seventy-five per cent of the houses rented for saloon and other kindred purposes in Chicago are owned by respectable widows. Also," says Dr. Jones, "many of the other 25 per cent are owned by people who would turn tail at the idea of going to the theater on Sunday, or playing an innocent game of golf on the afternoon of the Sabbath."

"If a man is ashamed of his house and the use to which that house is put—let him sell it—or let him keep his name on the door."

"No, I am not joking; I was never more serious in my life. I am tired of hypocrisy—tired of pretense—tired of the shifting of responsibility. I want to see some of the people who are to blame for some of the worst conditions in our city take some of that blame and do the best they can with it."

Good, practical idea, isn't it? Well, it comes from a good, practical man. I wonder what would happen if they should carry out the doorknob idea in Chicago—or anywhere else? I'd like to be there the first twenty-four hours that those doorknobs went up. What a rushing business the steamship companies would do in tickets. And I'm afraid you couldn't get a drawing room in a Pullman car running out of that town for love nor money nor flattery nor anything there is that's human.

The Vice Above.

Wouldn't it be fun to see all the hurrying and scurrying, and to listen to all the excuses and apologies and denials?

"I hadn't the faintest idea—I had ever suspected! Why, the very idea I don't see how they ever made such a mistake! Make my income in any such way as that! Why, I'm president of the White Ribbon Club in my church!"

"And I have a dear little daughter—she's at one of the finest schools in the country; I've got to get abroad, some way, before she gets a hint of this—she'd die of mortification. How could they bring such a blot upon her name—those other girls—the ones who were dragged down there—where my name is on the door! What are they to me—they are just creatures of the streets. Why should I be held responsible because they can't behave themselves?"

"Why do I rent my property for such a purpose if I do not approve it? Well, I have to live—everything costs so much, too, and there's my son to be sent to college and my daughter to bring out in society. What do people expect me to do, live in a flat somewhere just to please these doorknob cranks? Why, they haven't any respect for anyone any more; isn't it awful? Isn't it appalling what a hideous and ungrateful world we live in?"

Can't you hear them—all the little cowardly souls that never do anything right—if it takes courage and self-denial and honesty? Do do do! Can't you see them—all the smug hypocrites, all the self-satisfied Pharisees hurrying and scurrying to get away from the plain, simple truth?

Isn't it Holmes who tells about the time that he sat in a green meadow and watched the flowers blossoming in the grass? A meadow lark sat on a bush by the path and whistled, and there was a nest in the grass, and in the nest were speckled eggs, and the earth was all strewn with stars, in the shape of flowers, and all the air was perfumed and all the world was spring.

And he who sat in the grass lifted a flat stone that had fallen there, and lo, the earth was gray with thousands of little slugs and worms and insects which lived under the flat stone in the dark and the darkness.

The Grubs Below.

"So it is when we lift the stones of a great error—what a scurrying there is of all the little insects which bred to life under the stone," says Holmes—or something like it.

I keep thinking of the stone in the meadow and of the little fat, white slugs that fattened under the weight of its secrecy.

"No one sees us here under the stone—no one can find us—lucky we are to live in such security—and all at once some meddler lifts the stone, and the sun pours in and the dark ground begins to dry. Sh—how they scurry and hurry and wriggle and twist—the fat white worms who thought the great stone would hide them forever!"

What a meddlesome person you are, Jenkin Lloyd Jones, never content to let well enough alone—what is it to you that some few favored ones batten and grow fat on the vices of the unfortunate?

Is it any of your business, pray, who it is that is getting rich on the proceeds of misery and despair?

What business is it of yours who owned the house where that young girl who killed herself was brought to graduation? Don't you know that the people who lived there pay an enormous rent—three times what the house would be worth in any other part of town—you couldn't expect the owners to give up such an income as that, could you?

No—you don't expect that you just ask that they take their share of the blame, just as they took their share, and more than their share of the profits.

Make them put their name on the doorknob of that house? There, there, don't say another word. You're mad, Dr. Jones, stark, staring, raving mad—what else can you be and cherish such a notion as that?

How dare you try to lift the stone—Jenkin Lloyd Jones—and let in the light on the starved earth beneath! Don't you care at all what is going to become of the fat white grubs who live under it?

## The Bride's Silver Chest

By MRS. CHRISTINE FREDERICK.

THE bride's choicest treasure is often the silver which she receives on her wedding day. There it lies sparkling and glistening; all the flatware, the sugar shells, the bouillon spoons, the after-dinner coffee, the salad server and the pie knife, not to mention the tea service or various other larger pieces for the table.

The silver chest comes to her all shimmering and lovely, but how shall the bride keep it? "Cleaning silver" is supposed to be one of the bugbears of a housekeeping, and the mussy rags and cloths and flying powder and the hours of labor each week have always been held in condemnation. Is there no way to make this burden less?

Several years ago a new discovery was heralded with open, unquestioning arms, that of a miraculous bath into which silver could be dipped, and from which it could emerge shining and white without the labor of hands. At first this was used in a special box, but later the same idea was applied to a small section of metal which, when laid in any vessel and covered with a certain solution of salt and baking soda effected the same marvelous transformation. The principle of this bath was that the piece of zinc, or the specially manufactured box, together with the baking soda and solution, attacked the discoloration on the silver, (which is really an oxidation from the air) and removed it. There is nothing wrong with the theory, and the same idea can be developed not only with specially prepared pans and pieces of metal, but with the same solution used in an aluminum pan, with the silver laid on the bottom of the pan.

But the point is that care was not exercised as to just what silver this was used upon. For sterling silver, this method is entirely harmless. But for plate silver, or any silver having a French gray or similar finish, it is very injurious indeed. Another point. A knife, for example, may have a handle of sterling silver, but the blade may be made of some other metal with only a thin wash of silver. If chemical bath is placed into this silver handle, the silver handle will not be harmed, but the blade will. Similarly other pieces. It is most important to be sure of the silver before placing it into such a bath. I have had several pieces of what I supposed was sterling silver spoiled in this manner, and I know of cases where the French gray finish was entirely removed by this method.

Frankly, I think in the matter of silver cleaning, it pays to be old-fashioned. The best means I have found for general use is the impregnable cloth. There is no water with this method, only a rubbing with the cloth, there is no possibility of removing the silver coating by immersion in a chemical fluid. The cloth prevents the mussy, dust-flying method, and as it is made by reputable firms, generally jewellers or those who understand metal manufacture, I have found several of these cloths to be entirely satisfactory and perfectly harmless. But there are several parties on the market which are preferable to the soft, silver cleaning brush and the right kind of cotton flannel rags, are not at all objectionable. Of course, gloves should be worn when doing this and other metal cleaning, and it seems to me that setting comfortably for an hour at the work of polishing one's own silver is rather pleasant. Certainly, the silver is worth the saving of harm to the silver. Only the softest cloth should be used like cotton flannel to polish with, and then if a tepid bath with pure soda is given and a final polishing with towel, such weekly cleaning will keep the silver as bright as on the wedding day.

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## THE HEART LINE

By MICHELSON



THE LIFE LINE runs from under the forefinger, around the ball of the thumb, down toward the wrist. If he knows about palmistry, and is a good guesser, he knows when he sees that line just how long you are going to live.

But that isn't the line that interests him most. He will take a chance on the life line. The line that interests him most—the line he's studying while he's telling you about the life line—is the heart line.

He knows that that heart line is really the GREATEST GUESS of all. If he can guess that's a wonder—he's THE wonder. And if you were a good guesser you could guess from the way he afterward spoke of that heart line just what sort of a heart HE has. O, it's a delicate situation! Meanwhile, HE HAS THE HAND. Possession is nine points of Love.

## Waist Line Only Spot Left to the Imagination



By MARGARET MASON.

To put her arm about her waist. He yearns, the ardent lover; But just quite where her waist should be He really can't discover; It has its ups and downs, you see, And always under cover.

NEW YORK, Aug. 1.—In these fashionable days of frank revelations my lady's waist line seems to be about the only spot that is left to the imagination. With her bodice cut so low and open to the elements and elements and her sheer lace skirts open to criticism, the waistline is the only part kept within bounds. Yet as a boundary it is as contested a bit of topography as the River of Doubt.

Here today and there tomorrow the waist line is wont to pursue its free and untrammelled way anywhere from the knee up to the bustline. On one hand we are assured that it is to be done away with entirely like other waste places of the earth and then comes the portent for fall that it will still be in our midst and all squeezed up again to cravatlike eighteen-inch proportions. Indeed it seems no idle threat that

ties and name therefrom should also be evolved from the soft lengths of white taffeta. Black velvet pumps worn with the sheers of white silk stockings and one of the new black velvet hats completes this costume, which stamps you one of immediately in black and white as the last word in up-to-the-minute fashions. Truly the fully shirred skirt is now the correct thing, and the tight affair that has had you so long in its grasp has been forced to relinquish its strangle hold, even as an undershirt under the long Russian tunic.

This pretense of a tight undershirt has been frankly discarded, and the long, full tunic, lengthened slightly, has evolved into the entire and only skirt, sufficient unto itself. Skirts composed entirely of flounces of either lace or silk are very popular with the basque waists, and some daring designers are actually showing models of the flounced skirts over small hoops.

Planted skirts are also right in on the job in the fullness thereof, especially on the dancing frocks. Fashioned from the gossamer lightness of maline, lace, chiffon, or net, those airy, acrobatic-planted skirts lend themselves beautifully to the successful tripping of the light fantastic and the mazes of the maxixe. A perfect gem of a dance frock is a combination of a black velvet basque, with a frothy skirt of accordion-plated white net flounces. Of course, the basque is décolleté, and a red, red rose is pinned to the left shoulder. Worn with a high Spanish comb in the hair, this costume leads one to expect its wearer to break into a fandango a la Carmencita rather than a maxixe or hesitation a la Mrs. Vernon Castle.



Pocket-Book Directory Containing Full Description of

## Washington Apartments

Address	No. of Rooms	Rent	Agent	Description
<b>THE ONTARIO</b> 15th St. and Ontario Rd. N. W.	2 rooms and bath 6 rooms and bath	\$30 month to \$70 month	Real Estate Department of McLachlan Banking Corporation, 10th and G Sts. N. W.	Fireproof building; 5 electric elevators, large grounds overlooking Rock Creek valley and the City.
<b>THE MENDOTA</b> 20th St. and Kalorama Road.	6 rooms and bath	\$65.00	Real Estate Department of McLachlan Banking Corp., 10th and G Sts. N. W.	Fireproof Building. Two electric elevators. Cafe.
<b>1440 Rhode Island Ave.</b>	3 rooms front, 6 rooms with concrete sleeping porch.	\$30.00, \$35.00, \$55.00	N. L. Samsbury Co., Inc., 721 15th St. N. W. Main 2804-5.	Fire and noise-proof; built one year; within easy walking distance. Excellent service. All outside rooms.
<b>THE ONONDAGO</b> 149 R St. N. E.	3 rooms and bath	\$34.00	George Truett road.	Large bright rooms, convenient to cars. First-class condition.
<b>ST. LAWRENCE</b> 1807 California St.	2, 3, 4, and 5 rooms and tiled bath.	\$21.50, \$25.00, \$32.50, \$42.50	John W. Childress, 1413 H St. N. W. Main 275.	Our model building. Parquet floors, electric lights, gas, steam, hot water, janitor service, and all modern conveniences.
<b>IDEAL APARTMENT</b> 1908 Pennsylvania Ave. N. W.	6 rooms, reception hall and bath.	\$40.50	Ideal Apartment Co., 1908 Penna. Ave. N. W. Phone M. 7177.	Large well lighted rooms; hot and cold water, electric lights, steam heat, janitor service, near Department of Commerce.
<b>THE SEWARD</b> 4th St. & Pa. Ave. S. E.	4 and 5 rooms and bath.	\$32.50, \$35.00	John F. Donohoe & Sons, Inc., 214 Penna. Ave. S. E.	Outside rooms; up-to-date appliances; convenient to car lines; good janitor service.
<b>THE ALZARADO</b> 70 Rhode Island Ave. N. W.	4 rooms rec. hall and bath.	\$30.00	Thos. H. Melton, Eleventh and H Sts.	Every room front; heat and hot water; electric lights; telephone and telegraph service from building; janitor. Apartments open for inspection.
<b>MISSISSIPPI</b> 1436 W St. N. W.	4 rooms and bath.	\$28.50, \$30.00	Liebermann & Hawn, Managers, 1421 F St. N. W.	Well-kept house, all bright, cheerful, outside rooms, looking out on the lawn. Telephone on each floor. Convenient to best car line.
<b>915 20th St. N. W.</b>	4 rooms and bath.	\$25.00	Frank T. Rawlings Co., Inc., 1425 New York Ave.	First floor front; all outside rooms; janitor service; electric lighting and gas.
<b>SAGAMORE</b> 1824 S St. N. W.	4 and 5 rooms and bath.	\$27.50, \$30.00	Liebermann & Hawn, 1421 F St. N. W.	New and exclusive apt. house near Army Row. Phone in side steps and porch for tradesmen. Convenient to cars.
<b>THE SEMINOLE</b> 1444 W St. N. W.	3 1-rm & bath 2 2-rm & bath 1 3-rm & bath	\$25.00, \$30.00, \$35.00	Washington Loan & Trust Co.	Phone North 1006, near corner 15th and W. for particulars.
<b>THE COLCORD</b> 310 East Capitol Street.	5 rooms and bath.	\$29.50, \$32.50	John F. Donohoe & Sons, Inc., 214 Penna. Ave. S. E.	Large, airy rooms in excellent condition; good janitor service; convenient to both car lines.
<b>THE PRINCETON</b> 1430 V St. N. W.	4 rooms bath & porch 6 rooms and bath	\$27.50, \$31.25	J. Jerome Lightfoot, 1404 H St. N. W.	Fine condition; outside rooms; steam heat front. By lease or month.
<b>608 F St. N. W.</b>	3 rooms and bath 2 rooms and kitchenette	\$18.50, \$20.50	Chas. D. Fowler, 608 F St. N. W.	Steam heat, electric lights, janitor service. Downtown location. Side steps and porch.
<b>THE NEWPORT</b> 2164 Florida Avenue Northwest, Near Massachusetts Avenue.	4r. b., front 1 ft. 2r. b., rear 2 ft. 4r. b., front 2 ft.	\$25.50, \$25.50, \$30.50	Caywood & Garrett, 1221 N. Y. Ave. N. W.	Near fashionable Mass. Ave. Heights; large bright rooms; steam heat; gas; shower baths; porch; convenient janitor service; 2 car lines.
<b>MELTON</b> 4th St. and New York Ave. N. W.	4 rooms and bath. 2 rooms and bath front.	\$22.50, \$23.50	Samuel W. Cockrell, 302 F St. N. W.	Electric elevator. Telephone in each apartment.
<b>EASTHAM</b> 1417 E. Capitol St.	5 rooms and bath.	\$18.00, \$19.00, \$20.00, \$21.00, \$22.00	Phillips Company, 320 John Marshall place.	Well heated, hot-water; on car line; first-class condition; ready for occupancy.

## Advice to Girls

By ANNIE LAURIE

Dear Annie Laurie:

There is a young man in the town who has just got a divorce from his deceitful wife. As far as I can hear he is a fellow of about twenty-four or twenty-five and exceptionally good looking. Just lately he has been speaking and acting as though he might like to be in my company. Should I take up with this man?

"ANXIOUS"

HOW do you know that the fault is all in his wife, dear child, has he told you so?

There are always two sides to a story, you know, and I should certainly like to hear the other side, if I were you.

haven't you any brothers who can hear it for you? It isn't quite the

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